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HAPPY BIRTHDAY

TALK

TILTON TALK

EDITORIALS

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Let's look at the facts.

There has been a considerable to-do in the nation's press during the past few weeks about sending political information to our brothers-in-arms overseas. This, as everyone knows by now, is a presidential election year. Among the civic duties of all citizens of the United States, few rank higher in importance than voting. Therefore, it is hoped that every man and woman in the service will get a war ballot and cast his or her vote.

But it is ridiculous to expect that men can vote for a candidate without knowing anything about his policies or his intentions if elected. And so the powers that be have made arrangements to disseminate political information among the troops now serving overseas. The major parties are getting equal and fair representation and it is expected that this information will be an aid to the soldier, sailor or marine in deciding for whom to vote.

No special efforts are being made to instruct troops here at home on the merits of the various candidates. It should not be necessary because we all of us have available for the asking a free and unfettered press. We can get reams more information on the campaign than can the fellows over there and in addition can listen to radio oratory until we have committed the party platforms to memory.

My point, therefore, is that there is no good reason that any of us should not cast a ballot. There is no excuse to the effect that "My candidate doesn't stand a chance," or "They are all the same to me." Listen to the arguments, read the speeches, come to a decision. If you like Dewey, give him your vote. If you feel the President is still the man for you, vote for Roosevelt. But just don't let the whole thing ride. Get a ballot - and vote!

There are a few hours of daylight between quitting time and night, these days, and there is plenty of space for a football game. We couldn't play the regular game because we don't have the proper equipment, but there's nothing to stop us from a rugged go of two-hand touch tackle, a game that is faster and more exciting than regular football without the danger of injury. This writer blushing admits that he is a fair blocking back and would like to find eight or ten other men with similar inclinations. Come on, you Nagurskis, let's kick it around some P.M.

THE MEDICS ARE GOING BACK TO SCHOOL

Some of the medics, anyway, are going back to medical school. On the basis of a circular from the office of the Adjutant General, 31 members of the TGH Detachment will have left here between 25 September and 3 October. The greater number - 19 - go as civilians, honorably discharged from the Army on condition that they return to medical school, while the others are going back to ASTP. The distinction is based on their past record - i.e. - those who were pre-medical students on entering the Army become civilian students once more, while those who were ASTP men previous to 7 June, 1944, will continue as soldiers in the same program.

DISCHARGED MONDAY 25 SEPTEMBER

MR. Jerome Abelman
MR. Robert B. Bergman
MR. Donald P. Brown
MR. Mario Genova
MR. Richard Gottlieb
MR. Carl P. Guzzo
MR. John L. Ilsley
MR. John J. Kangos
MR. Stanley Masters
MR. Philip Meyerwitz
MR. Leonard V. Schaffer
MR. Wayne Weisner

DISCHARGED MONDAY 2 OCTOBER

MR. Earl Baker
MR. Julius Cohen
MR. Joseph Collins
MR. David Hays, Jr.
MR. Peter Marchello
MR. Richard E. McGovern
MR. Frederick C. Wood, Jr.

TRANSFERRED TO ASTP 27 SEPTEMBER

Pfc. Albert F. R. Andressen
Pfc. Neil H. Baker
Pfc. William R. Brewster
Pfc. James J. Ferguson
Pfc. Francis J. Gottfried
Pfc. Charles S. Ness
Pvt. Trygve Foreland

TRANSFERRED TO ASTP 3 OCTOBER

Pfc. John G. Baker
Pfc. Joseph R. Crawford

Our best wishes go with these men, accompanied by the hope that they will be successful in the professional studies which they are now resuming.

—•— YOU AND YOUR FELLOW MAN

If a stranger were to ask you to tell him about the American spirit in a sentence or two, you would say something like this: The founders of our nation sought to build a land of liberty and justice for all, a land in which men shall have equal opportunity; where they can speak and write and worship, each according to the truth as he sees it. You would add: American means freedom and brotherhood.

But brotherhood means more than America, though. There's England and there's Russia and there's China and all our other allies. The big dream of world brotherhood has taken on new significance. That's what our enemies are really after. They want to destroy the very hope of freedom, to poison the world's earth against the seed of liberty, to kill the dream of fellowship. This conflict is between the idea that men are brothers and the idea that some men are masters and some slaves.

Religion and religious tradition come in at this point. Religion has known that men belong together, that God made us — all of us — in His image, as brothers. We know that either we live together in love and justice or we perish together in violent strife.

Our entire history is the embodiment of this struggle between the idea of brotherhood and the idea of bondage. That's why we have kept hammering away at it. In the time of Moses we first voiced it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That is our tradition as children of God, as men and women of religion. Whether we be Protestant, Catholic, Jew, Negro, White or Oriental it says the same thing; keep brotherhood alive. Don't let its enemies destroy it. Remain faithful to it and defend it with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your might.

It is still the same tradition now while we are at war; it will be the same, afterwards when we are at peace. It is your turn. What religion has given to the world and has cherished above life itself needs your strength and your spirit, if America is to endure and if brotherhood is to survive.

America wants you, just as you are, the inheritor of your particular faith and your own religion. She does not want you to be less than what you are. She needs the specific religious vision which is yours to contribute, the divine spark to help drive back the darkness.

Of course, you don't have to do anything about this, if you don't want to. You can ignore it. You can walk out. That would be unfortunate, because it would be an act of gross disloyalty to a great and noble ideal. It will be as though you had let thousands die in vain. It would be unfortunate, too, because the other Americans who believe in brotherhood look to you to help in your own special way, remaining true to your own faith and tradition.

What do you say? Can America count on you, proudly?

Chaplain Samuel N. Sherman

Apology to a chowhound

We're really very sorry, kids,

That due to army ration

We cannot feed you everything

You'd like in hotel fashion.

We know it's tough that milk is scarce,

(Served merely twice a day)

And ice-cream comes but twice a week,

A gyp — that's what we say.

We're awfully sorry that your steak

May also have some bone

And chickens only have two legs.

You've got a right to moan.

Of course if in our thoughtless rush

We don't prepare your favorite dish

You should feel hurt — and it's a crime

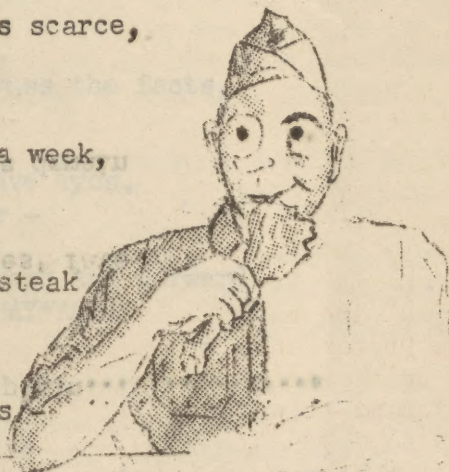
That once a week you must eat fish.

But if we fail to offer two

On cake — or precious meat —

Remember — other G.I.s here

Should have the right to eat!!!





QUACK QUACK

The Ax again has fallen
Which has set the Staff abawlin'
'Cause this time the neck in the rope
Is our own Frediani, the "dope".

And thus departeth one of the oldest and best known and loved members of the Staff. Those who read this in New Guinea, France, Africa, Newfoundland and China (ed. note: Thanks!) won't believe it but it's true...Frediani is with us no more and the silence around these parts is deafening. There is nothing this column has to say - the ovation "Juice" received at the Staff Dinner was our tribute to "the dope" as the Colonel so affectionately called him. Good luck, "Juicy-mouth", the Game Warden is sure going to muss you this season.

And so with the departure of Frediani comes the realization to all that they will be next. But leave us not be sad for look what we have to come back to:

Oh they came from Indiana, from Florida and Maine,
From New York and Pennsylvania and from the Jersey plain.....

The day must come when we all shall part
But do not take it so to heart,
'Cause when we've taken care of the Nips' and Jerries' fate
We'll have a reunion that will rock the State.

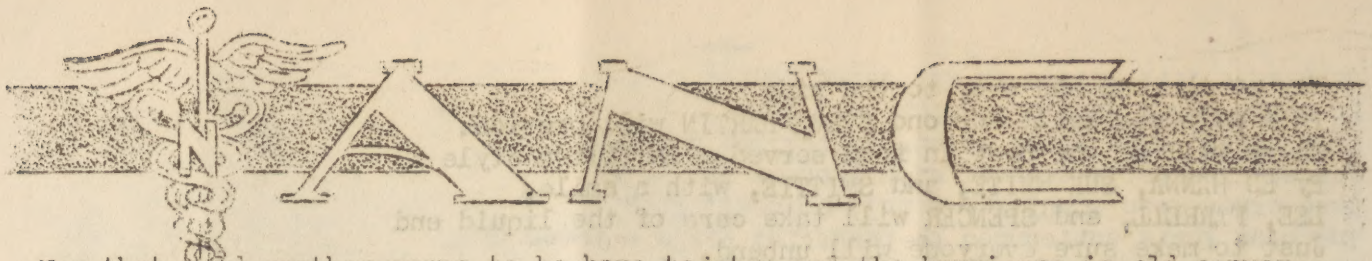
At the head of the table our Colonel will survey his domain
And to his right his gracious lady will reign
SI KATZ, of course, will be the m.c.
With heckling and jokes by FREDIANI.
CHARLIE SANNER will sing the "Deacon Goes Down"
While through "Alouette" FLANDERS will clown.
There will be a chorus, the likes of which you'll never find
Composed of HEALY, EICHELBERGER, EINTRAUB, CONLEY and KIND.
On the sidelines there will warble a quartette
JOHNSON, WEITZ, DERRIG and BRANT, yet.
There will be new jokes and the old buck and wing dance
Which our own FITZGERALD introduced in France.
ODDS BRODKIN will be there - back from his foxhole
And the nurses will be taken care of by RUBIN, the "Mole".
Back from the Pacific in a new sport jacket
BERMAN will "produce" and add to the racket.
And over there surrounded by beautiful girls - guess who?
None other than SCHULTZ - a full Colonel, too.
Across the table covered with ribbons and glory
TODD DEVAN, "the great lover" is telling a story
To G-MAN HENON who is lending both ears
He hasn't left Tilton in all these years.

Way at the end and over to the side
 In a doghouse built for one STEVE MARTIN will preside.
 There will be the best in food served a la Tilton style
 By ED HANNA, SUE WHITE, and SMITTIE, with a smile.
 LEE, FARRELL, and SPENCER will take care of the liquid end
 Just to make sure everyone will unbend.
 Of course "Mumbling Moe" will give with some poetry
 That never fails to make the COLONEL slap his knee.
 Over in the corner discussing the "Scibbies" ride
 BRUCE STEWART is atalkin' to his old friend BILL HYDE.
 HAL HERMANN with COLONEL MAKEL swaps notes
 While MENARD on COLONEL UPSHUR dotes.
 Just so you'll feel at home and be in debt
 In the center of all a long table will be set.
 At one end of the table will be LATIMER you can bet
 While at the other end WETZEL will sweat.
 WOODY and JACK RICH will exchange roentgen rays
 With that master of P T, "Death Valley" HAYS.
 While in a quiet spot the psychiatrists will discuss the facts,
 HAINES, BOENAGEL, and STOLOFF -- lead by SAXE.
 United again after the War's demise
 For no one else but each other ALTER and PRESS have eyes.
 And who is that with their arms around each other --
 It's BALDES and COTTON, oh brother!
 The personnel situation is being discussed backward and forward
 By HOWARD, CECIL MILLER, BUTTHEY, DAN TOWNS and HAYWARD.
 While from a discussion of the post-war brain
 GRUNNACE, RANEY, and WOLFGANG can't refrain.
 There are a couple missing -- it's so upsetting --
 No, there they are : JIM LOUDON and OETTING.
 There's lots more to this soiree, you can bet
 But the censor hasn't been laid off yet.

This is all make-believe, but we can make it come true.
 How about it, fellows -- I mean you, You, and YOU.

As we go to Press the stupendous news given out in this column several weeks ago has been confirmed. Yes, SEYMOUR BILLINGSWORTH MILTON KATZ, Major, Medical Corps, has succumbed to matrimony. Few have met the lucky girl but Major Katz promises that she will soon be on display. He has kept her a deep dark secret up to now, but the day of reckoning has to come. The only regret that Sy has expressed over his new role is that he will no longer be able to be nice -- we don't get it! This fatal leap taken by the Major leaves FINEMAN, ERANT and LIPKIN of the old guard floundering in the sea of bachelorhood. Is this going to be a game of follow the leader????????????

"DOC" DUCK



Now that cold weather seems to be here to stay and the hurricane is old conversation, let's see what we can find of interest in the Tilton ANC that perhaps you have not heard.

There are several of our ANC officers who have changed their names and added Mrs., and then there is the group who have changed the number in front of their names from 2nd to 1st Lieut. - Fine work - Good Luck and Happiness to you all!!

Tents and trees aren't the only things that took off in our recent storm. After hearing the lids of the garbage cans clanging we sat back and waited to see the garbage cans themselves fly past the windows - Attention Lt. Lipkin - Have you seen the Nurses' sun garden ?? - On cleaning up the next morning the dignity of a nurse's uniform (cap to you) was found on the lawn. The others were lucky for there certainly was a gale blowing across those ramps.

It seems we have a substitute for Mr. Anthony. - Appointments for consultation with Lt. Metzger, Qtrs. 1. Hours: See Daily Line slip for off-duty hours.

Now, may we have a serious moment or two with one of our officers who has served with our troops in Algeria, Tunisia and Naples. Introducing CATHERINE M. RODMAN, 2nd LT., AUS, ANC.

"I was attached to a General Surgical Team, one of the many teams comprising our Surgical Group. Each team was staffed alike - surgeon, assistant, anaesthetist nurse and two corpsmen.

The operating room was a tent, and its floor was mud. The operating table was a stretcher placed across two notched planks. The instrument tables were wooden K ration boxes nailed together, and for some of the most delicate operations the only light came from bulbs hooked up to storage batteries. But that operating tent on the Italian front saw some of the most wonderful surgery done anywhere.

None of the nurses saw much pampering during the months overseas. Our memories are mostly of tent hospitals, cots which sank deep in the mud floor of our quarters, baths from steel helmets and meals of field rations, with a hurricane now and then to make life more interesting.

In the early days of the Italian campaign our group moved from one field hospital or evacuation hospital to another on the main front with other teams of specialists. In the beginning we had to improvise - our basic equipment was good but the rest had to be made on the spot. The GI's are wonderful carpenters and a stretcher laid across two planks set on edge can make a really excellent operating table.

Of course, you must get accustomed to the noise of constant artillery bombardment and frequent air raids, but all in all the life of an Army Nurse is a most interesting one. Army Nurses work hard but we do have the satisfaction of knowing that our efforts help save the lives of our fighting men.

Thanks for the memory

The letter which you see below was received recently by Miss Hannigan, Red Cross Field Director at Tilton, and in its simple and unembellished way describes a patriotic attitude which was truly undying.

September 9, 1944
778 Jacques Avenue
Rahway, New Jersey

Mrs. Mary Harrigan
Field Director
American Red Cross
Fort Dix, N.J.

My dear Mrs. Harrigan:

Enclosed you will find a money order in the amount of twenty five dollars to be used in any manner that you see fit, to add to the comfort of the wounded soldiers at Fort Dix Hospital.

This money represents amounts collected from this neighborhood in the memory of Mrs. Mary Alimov who passed on August 29th. It was her wish that in the event of her death, the neighbors would use the money usually spent for flowers to be sent to a Hospital where there were some of our wounded soldiers.

Mrs. Alimov, her Husband and four children are citizens of the United States but were all born in Russia. She was a very outstanding citizen because of her foreign birth but undaunted loyalty to her adopted country. Up until a week before her death she was making and sending cookies to Servicemen in various camps and overseas. The whole family have been leaders in this community in the purchase of War Bonds.

You may respond to this by writing to A. Alimov and family of 143 West Lake Avenue, Rahway, N.J.

Yours truly,

s/Mrs. Clarence Carpenter

FRONT LINE REPORT

by Capt. Joseph W. Messey, MC.

In March, 1944, I was sent to Area K for preinvasion maneuvers. There, for two months I watched troops plus all their equipment being placed aboard landing vessels and crafts, taken out to the channel, briefed, and then landed on different shores. These exercises were not easy, nor were they without danger. On one occasion the fleet was attacked by German E boats and casualties were sustained. The mock landings were under live fire from naval guns, and some of the resulting casualties, including civilians, were sent to the hospitals and the morgue. But problem after problem continued, with no one knowing, when a problem started, whether it was the real thing or just another practice invasion.

On May 1, I was returned to the Eighth Air Force, and then on May 15 I was again returned to the "invasion" area. At 2300 hours of the same day I was ushered into a ward of a Station Hospital where thirty-two other medical officers were already gathered. Not one of them had as yet been on any field problem, so naturally they did not know what was to happen to them. Since I had had previous experience I was still explaining to these novices at midnight what they were about to go through, and in a joking manner I stated that at least one per cent of them would not come back. Although I told them that I myself might be part of the one per cent, it surely had them worried, and I was sorry later about that joke, because some of our group really did not come back.

After a series of lectures and briefings by navy and army specialists we each boarded an LST on 26 May. On June 1 the ship was sealed and we sailed out of our harbor to a port where we took on men and supplies. On June 2 we were fully loaded and ready. But as June 2, 3 and 4 rolled by we were still out in the channel. On June 5 we sailed along the coast of England, hugging the shore until that evening when we headed for France. We sailed into the Seine Bay, in sight of the French beach at about 1100 hours, D Day. The bay was full of all kinds of ships and landing craft, and the beach was already ours. All kinds of equipment - trucks, jeeps, ducks, tanks and other appurtenances of modern warfare were there, rolling up and down the shore, like ants on carrion. The men on our ship were complaining because the weather delayed our unloading, but we finally landed them on the beach that night, and when darkness fell the fun began. Bombs and shells were bursting on shore - deadly flashes in the gloom that set our world aflame. We were glad, when morning came, that our ship was still afloat and that the enemy planes had disappeared.

On that day we loaded fifty-eight casualties on board ship and then our surgical work began. Wounds had to be redressed and debrided, shock cases needed plasma, blood and oxygen. Infected wounds needed penicillin, gas gangrene serum, and plaster casts had to be applied. But the naval medical personnel - two doctors and thirty corpsmen - with our two army enlisted men fortified by the aid of volunteers from the crew who on their time off came down to help us, did a swell job. The casualties were well taken care of, and finally after thirty-six hours aboard ship they were unloaded on the near (English) shore without a single death. On our second trip we carried 344 casualties, and on this trip the ship's crew should be commended for their assistance, because we surely needed their help. It was a 48 hour trip but we finally landed with only one death.

We had German casualties on our ship and 99% of them were 18 years old or younger. I could speak some German, and in my conversations with them I was under the impression that they were all liars. Too young to know what it is all about, and despite Hitler murder instilled into their biased young minds for the past five years, they became scared and broke down, crying like mischievous children that were caught doing something wrong. We had plenty of chocolate and cigarettes on board ship for the casualties. One young German, no more than 17, had the angle of his right jaw shot away and his mandible wired so that he could not eat or drink, but he had managed to get a bar of chocolate and I watched his procedure. He shoved the candy down his throat with his index finger, but in trying to swallow he had gotten melted chocolate all over his chin and chest. He was determined, nevertheless, to finish the bar.

Now that I am back safely at my base, and although some of the men I know have been killed and others badly injured, I can look back and say that it was a grand and marvelous experience, one that I will never forget and can talk about for some time.

In conclusion I can honestly say:

1. Hats off to General Eisenhower and his staff who so thoroughly planned and plotted every single detail from the largest division down to the lonely private. In spite of the criticism of the whole world, including our allies and our own men who were always saying "When is the invasion starting? What are we waiting for? What happened to the second front?" these men carried on, and the results have proven that they were right.
2. Hats off to the Navy and the Seabees who made it possible to bring us to the beach, in spite of the terrible weather and the Nazis' two years of preparations on the Atlantic Wall. The Navy did a wonderful job and many of their brave men died on the beach and in the bay so that the Army could reach its objectives.
3. Hats off to the Air Corps, who paralyzed the enemy within his own lines so that the Army and Navy could come in and land.
4. Hats off to the various branches of the Army who accomplished every detail that was planned. Special honors go to the paratroops who all deserve special citations for their unusual sacrifices, and to the Medical Corps, who though unarmed, stayed with their regiments to do their job in aiding the wounded.

Explanation of the cover: It's a birthday cover, not for any specific occasion, but in honor of all those who were born in October. Statistics prove that more people are born in that month than in any other during the year, so Happy Birthday all you GIs and Wacs who will be celebrating in the next four weeks. Anybody getting a cake resembling the one sketched is requested to save at least one piece for the staff of Tilton Talk. After all, it's only fair to do so.

WHISPERS

S/Sgt. Eddie Judge

Lige Potts has been unanimously, but unanimously, voted the "Pin-up Boy of the MDRP" by the WAC and civilian personnel working there...."Ya-hoo!!"...

What guy in the Detachment has a "lucrative twist" to his romancing??...

The welcome mat is out to Lieutenant Wally L.Sielski, new assistant to Major Katz in Special Services....

Spotted "Casanova" Koffler in the corridor finding something eye-inter-esting with Jeannette Feldscher, and only minutes later deep in a conversation on the ramp with Marlene Kay....(Are ya' readin', Charlotte Breiner?)....

In spite of the hurricane we had, there was a capacity crowd from the Surgical and Medical Sections at the Detachment Dance Thursday, the 14th.... Consensus of opinion, "Swell!".... Here are a few "BOKAYZ AND BRIKBATZ"....

John Frame made his debut as an M.C., calling for ten emergency men... Wrong way, John!....

"Tyrone" Polikoff having himself a wonderful time as a guest instead of as a musician....

Charlie Turley and Betty Young too close together....(Are you "tuned in", Mrs. Turley?)....

The gals and guys from the Medical Section pitched right in and had a wonderful time....

"Vanilla" and Carl Reiss "broke in" the dance floor with a fast jitterbug....The hurricane outside couldn't begin to compare with this whirl-wind inside....

Nick Gentile divided his time between answering emergency calls and the cold-cut table....

The world's worst quartette....Sachs, Brookstein, Marcus and Lessner... But having a swell time at the mike....

Pat Terhune looking as lovely as usual....Just for the record, Pat, how did you manage the trip to the Mess Hall right smack in the middle of the storm without even getting a hair out of place??....

There were a lot of the "Old Guard" missing, but the same old spirit prevailed....

"Sophie Tucker" McCarthy doin' right well on the dance floor with how many partners?!....

WHISPERS.....

(continued)

Tents blowing away outside....And Johnny Tenk "blowing away" inside....

Gil Corwin "making with the clinch" with ???....And right in front of everyone!!....

A bulwark of dependability as usual....Casey Casserino....

Out of fatigues, (usually she's workin' like mad)....And looking twice as "Pin-uppy"....June Lottridge.....

Ronnie Raskauskas looking in for a minute....enviously....(Ronnie works nights now.)....

Al Pels deep in conversation with a veddy pretty WAC....(Wonder who she is?)....

With the guys trousers all wet and rolled up to the knees, it looked a wee bit like a "Kiddie Party"....(Some of the gams looked like this '!'.... And others like ()), but the pay-offs looked like)(.....)

Paula Killian doing a swell job on the eats and refreshments....

John Bray with two arms full of beautiful gals....And with John that's plenty of gal!!....

Trudy Bailey may not be able to do a Hula, but she sure can make with the jitterbug....

Bob James dancing "straight" with Polly Johnston....Lost in a sea of jitterbugs....

Meg Ryan looking too, too cool in her summer off-duty dress, in spite of the weather....How did you manage to get in without getting it wet, Meg?....

Gladys Buller, a veddy pretty visitor from the Medical Section....

Doing a Dietrich while putting on her galoshes....Marge Robertson....

With her hands full of hot dogs and pickles and havin' a wonderful time... Claire Kramer....

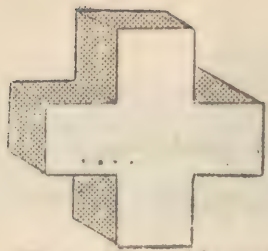
Pop Combs without his "choppers"....But "gumming" a hot dog to death....

The first casualty....John Holzapfel....Who hasn't yet learned the technique of opening a coke bottle without an opener....

What did Cynthia Schechter mean by asking everyone, "Are ya' noivous in the soivous?"??....

Agnes Walko, "poured" into a veddy classy shirt, having herself a time between the dance floor and the refreshment table....

Joe Kubicki on the side-lines....Just another night for Joe, as he was on duty at the Mess Hall....



RED CROSS NEWS

When the editorial office gives us a deadline for so-many lines by such-and-such a time, we look back over the last few weeks to make sure we don't miss any of the high-lights.....

Most important event of the month, we decide, is the hurricane. We weathered it all right, as the rest of the hospital did - "No wrecks and nobody drowned, in fact, nothing to laugh at, at all!" We learned to our sorrow, however, that these buildings are not 100% weather-proof. We cannot vouch for the rest of the hospital, but the Red Cross Houses certainly sprang leaks from all directions.

The Air Corps Band had a date to play in the Red Cross House in the Surgical Section that night. They arrived at the height of the storm and kept everybody's mind off the tempest by carrying on a lively jam session far into the night. We take off our hats metaphorically to that band - anybody who can out-play a hurricane is pretty good.

"It's an ill wind", as the saying goes, "that blows nobody good". This particular ill wind blew us a new staff member - Miss Estelle Belknap, who was flooded out of England General and will be helping to keep things humming in the Surgical Section here until she can go back to Atlantic City. We don't wish the inhabitants of that fair city any unhappiness, but we'd love it if Miss Belknap never could go back.

Maybe it wasn't so world-shaking as the hurricane, but we don't want to pass over the super G.I. show that was staged in Red Cross 1, Medical Section, during the last week. We found a producer in the person of Lester Heimark, who has been creating shows out of nothing for 2 years in various parts of the world under Special Services. He pulled another one out of the hat here with the tireless and able assistance of a number of the men in the hospital and out. We spent a delightful evening in a corner of Washington Square, enlivened by the antics of a newsboy, jitter-bugging, and a strip-tease. Music was provided by a 6 piece band collected from all over the post, including a trombone soloist who was with Benny Goodman before he started his Army career. The charming and beautifully gowned G.I. barmaids were a great hit, especially the leading lady, Hank Wyneken. The best part of the evening was provided by the singing of Wanzie Davis, recently transferred from the Surgical to the Medical Section.

That's just one of our shows; there's always something good going on in any of the three Red Cross Houses. Everybody come - the more the merrier - for anything from movies to picnics, tea parties to jam sessions. And don't forget to come around if something is worrying you, if you need help in getting paid, if you are expecting a discharge soon - in fact, bring us all your troubles. We may not be able to help you out, but the chances are we can. And remember, too, if you cannot leave your ward, we still will be able to bring you almost everything you can find in the Red Cross House - movies or money-order blanks, matches or model airplanes. You will always see new faces on our staff as some move on and others come to take their places. But we have one thing in common: We are all here for the one purpose of making things easier for you.

PRESENTATION OF AWARDS

At impressive ceremonies attended by both WAC and EM Medical Detachments, Colonel Turnbull on the afternoon of September 28th presented awards by direction of the President to eleven patients and one Medical Corps soldier.

Pfc. Lester F. Jackson accepted on behalf of his brother, S/Sgt William C. Jackson, now a prisoner of war in Germany, the Air Medal and one Oak Leaf Cluster. The citation stated that the award was made "for exceptional meritorious achievement while participating on many heavy bombardment missions over enemy-occupied continental Europe. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by this enlisted man upon these occasions reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States."

The following patients, honorably wounded in action in operations against the enemy, were awarded the Purple Heart:

1st Sgt. Theodore C. Sweitzer (Normandy); S/Sgt. Frederick L. Veit (England); Sgt. Louis F. Karl (Biak); T/5 John T. Miller (Mount La Difensa, Italy); Pfc. Alfred A. Fronzaglio (Wakde, New Guinea); Pfc. Walter J. Gallagher (St. Lo, France); Pfc. William R. Sanner (Argentan, France); Pfc. Frank W. Swan (LeMalay, France); Pvt. Stanley D. Mixter (Charbourg, France); Pvt. John K. Loux (Normandy, France); and Pvt. Joseph Stepp (St. Lo, France).

TILTON CAN DO ANYTHING

The following letter recently found its way to the Chaplain's Office, and we print it in the interests of love and romance, and because we're softies when it comes to this sort of thing.

Philadelphia, Pa.
Sept. 25, 1944

The Chaplain...
Ft. Dix Hospital
Wrightstown, N.J.

Reverend Sir:

May I have the name of a returned soldier from the African Theatre who was in the Ft. Dix Lounge on Friday night the 22nd of Sept. when some of our girls were hostesses at the dance? U.S.O. Rexall Rd.

This man's first name is James but he prefers to be called Jimmy. He comes from West Virginia. He is about 5 ft. 9, has sandy colored hair and blue eyes, I think. He has a very nice smile. He was reading a book, "Mrs. Migs and Mr. Pemberton". He had a great desire to come to Philadelphia and go bowling.

I am the Employee Relations Counselor of the two classes of girls taking Supervisory Training under the Army Signal Corps at Temple University. A sort of dean during the training of these fine girls. The reason I wish to contact this young man is one of my finest girls declined his invitation to go bowling and now regrets it and really wants to go bowling with him. Thanking you in advance,

Sincerely,

If Jimmy is interested, he will kindly contact the Chaplain for further details.

WARTUAL FACTS

By Tec/5 PEARL JACKSON

Earl Eibach vows he'll swing with his left next time.....Does anybody on earth make less noise than George McConaghy?.....Greatest hoax of all time exposed!!! The Cramer twins are one person. It's done with mirrors.....Ask Sgt. Schmidt to tell you what the rabbits did the night he was C.Q.....Sgt. Killian has discovered that the feminine touch produces the best results with the jeeps in the mess hall.....Fultonberg and Lessner "share each other's burdens"(quote Fultonberg).... Ann Pimpinelli and Jessie Guenther had quite an experience with a skunk the other evening (and we mean the rodent variety).....Sgt. Bob Yaeger just celebrated his third anniversary at Tilton. Getting used to the place, Bob?

Congratulations to Cpl. Marie Robles and Pfc Mario Genova on their recent tie-up. Romance continues to blossom at Tilton, for love knoweth no obstacles, even a consolidation of two hospitals. AMOR VINCIT OMNIA. Mario is returning to Albany Medical College. (ASTP).....Welcome home to Sgt. Mary Raney, long hospitalized. Mary claims there's no comparison between Tilton and England General, but you'll have to ask her for details.....Pvt. Alice Newberg of Registrar's is torn between two loves, but methinks the military has the edge over the civilian..... We'd love to mention Sgt. Tomlinson, but he himself admits that he never does anything scandalous.....We trust our Detachment No. 3 Wacs will be comfortable in their new quarters.....Sgt. Ken Meyers is constructing a crib for his little girl. It even looks like a crib.....The French braid mode has even hit Captain Alter.....Love's labor: Ruby Morse ironing Sgt. Larey's shirts.....

And now we have our Sgt. Pels sleeping past Trenton on his way back from a week-end in Washington. Anybody but you, Sarge!!.....Did you know that there's an AR to the effect that all army personnel must take at least one bath per week?...., Pvt. Frances Windeler is Tilton's youngest Wac, and one of its nicest.....Somebody ought to tell Sgt. Gilbert Corwin not to take life so seriously.....It's obvious to even the most unobserving that Cpl. Tom Stuart finds redheads not exactly irresistible,--but darn hard to resist.....That fellow with the ready smile and perennial good humor is Pfc. Carl Reiss of the R. & D. Office.....

A new and interesting addition to Tilton is Lt. Wally Seilski, assistant to the Special Services Officer. Lt. Seilski is a native of Gary, Indiana, and comes to us from Beaumont General Hospital. Most important of all, he has curly blond hair.....Sgt. Lew DePoto, now entertaining the boys at Lake Placid, recently spent a 3-day pass at Tilton, and you know darn well why.....Mend your careless ways, gals,--Sgt. Keppel will be home soon. And hats off to Mariola for her excellent job of pinch-hitting.....We lose one of our prettiest nurses with the departure of Isabelle Murtha, another victim of overseas orders.....

Our sympathies to Cpls. Manthorne and Ives, who now have a long trek to work each day. It's going to be a cold winter, girls.....Working the 4 to 12 shift suits Golda Blumberg fine, for Golda's major interest is horseback riding, and having the afternoons off gives her plenty of opportunity to indulge.....Evelyn Smith looks mighty cute in jodhpurs too..... In relating his experiences on D-Day, when he was injured in the first wave of invasion forces to hit the Normandy coast, Pvt. Daniel P. Ryan, a patient in Ward 5, remarked, "The Germans must have thought I was a walking pill-box because I didn't go down, but you can't knock an Irishman out by hitting him in the head.".....

(WActual Facts - Cont.)

Best of luck to Pfc Ferdinand Kramer of the Lab and his bride, a Navy nurse.....
Pvt. John Brennie, our star patient, is convinced that what people need around here is more confidence.....Margie Decker will be a very forlorn little girl when Joe Crawford returns to New York University Medical School on Oct. 3.....
Bob Geiger, now at Fort Lewis, Washington, writes us that he most misses "revival movies and seidels of dark beer in a place I know in N.Y.C.".....And a letter from Charlie Salvage, stationed temporarily at Fitzsimmons GH, reveals that in all his travels, Charlie has yet to encounter a unit "as smoothly run, well organized, efficient, well-fed, or congenial as TGH"; for your information, Charlie, the old adage about absence making the heart grow fonder works both ways. We miss you more and more, in our silent-unemotional fashion.....

Somebody in Albany has a sense of humor. Your correspondent's election ballot arrived last week addressed to T/S Pearl T. Jackson. We appreciate the sympathy, Bub.....What sight more pathetic than Jack Clougher alone on the day room sofa of a Saturday night?.....Liz Cannon and Ralph Latour aren't what you'd call "inseparable", but they're never seen solo.....Is anything more discouraging than our weigh-in sessions? What we lack in brains we make up in sust.....
Pfc Darwin Richardson becomes almost loquacious over a good cup of coffee these chilly mornings.....It's downright heartwarming to see the way Jimmy Salvatore and Adleen Cobb beam at each other.....As far as we know, Capt. Towns has had no comers in response to the "Help Wanted" sign he posted on his office door.....

How did Sherlock Holmes find Adam and Eve among all the angels? Elementary. They were the only two without navels.....John Gray would sip champagne from Mary Drezek's little glass slipper if the P.X. sold champagne and if Mary owned a little glass slipper.....Sgt. Louise Cannady has been in the service longer than any other Tilton Mac, and has done a consistently fine job in the M.P. section.....Pearl Hatfield, who diligently wakens those who fail to hear the morning whistle, hails from Salt Lake City. A sweet girl, that Pearlie.....The team of O'Dea and Kikendall has been split by the transfer of the former to the Annex.....But Ella still has Joe.....

Cpl. Carl Dahlgren of Physiotherapy is a very modest chap, but we understand he's a personal friend of many top-flight movie stars.....Rupert McDonald doesn't want his name in the paper, so we're skipping him this time.....If we had more time, we'd write a biography, "The Lives and Loves of Rita Stilley".....you probably all have heard that Kay Bolen earned her living in civilian life as a tight-rope walker.....Kay has been seen lately with that dark M.P. who smiles.....

May we extend a hearty welcome to Warrant Officer Robert H. Slegel, who has joined the staff of the Medical Supply Office. Wabash, Indiana, is Mr. Slegel's home town, and he was transferred here from Pine Camp, New York. He is a veteran of World War I, has 27 years of service to his credit, and has seen service in Hawaii, China and Panama. The boys and girls in Medical Supply are most enthusiastic about Mr. Slegel.....Another new arrival at the same office is Pvt. Dale Perkinson, who, among his other accomplishments, is a skilled tap dancer and linguist--an all-around talented fellow--but he just refuses to talk about himself.

Which two Macs gave genial Sgt. Shanks a royal stand-up Tuesday evening?.....
How beautiful with teeth, oh Sgt. Frame.....A recent visitor at Tilton was Mary Edwards' Sgt. husband, off on furlough.....What's furlough?.....Inspiring is the mutual devotion of Bernice Coy and her Tony.....Our vote goes to Pfc. Lester Jackson of the Post Office, who is always courteous and patient and obliging, and remains on an even keel even during rush hours, when a hundred impatient voices clamor at once for mail.....can any eyes be bluer than Capt. Fineman's?..
Pardon while we knock off for show.....

SHADOWED MOON

by Sgt. John E. Bray

As I walk down this road tonight,
Alone, without you there,
I gaze into the sky so bright
And wonder if you care.

The road's deserted, I'm alone,
Not as in days gone past.
My sole companions are the stars -
Perhaps even they won't last.

The heaven's really bright this eve,
The stars creep close to me.
They seem to ask, "Why do you grieve,
Why all the misery?"

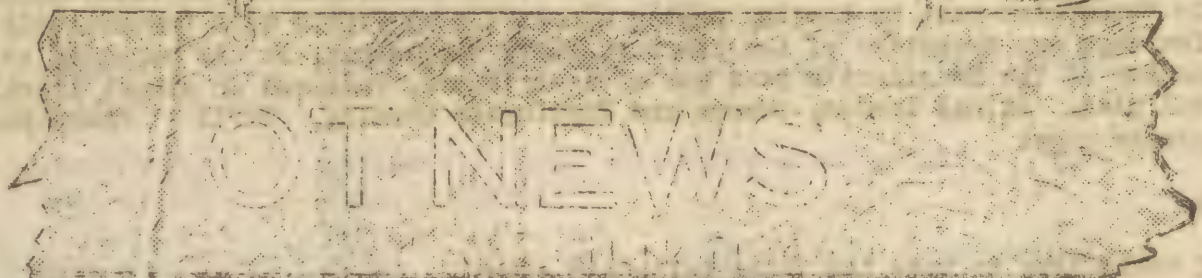
Without you, though, even stars dim out,
They miss you, just as I,
They blink their lonesomeness this night,
They, too, wish you were high.

But, wait, some clouds have come down low,
To cover heaven's view,
Perhaps the gods might angry be
To see me without you.

Then suddenly, all seems just right,
No more am I alone.
The sky's alight, the road is bright,
And you are there, my own.

Yes, there you are, my precious sweet,
Your shadow's on the moon -
I seem, now, to have winged feet,
My dream's fulfilled so soon.

For don't you see, up there above,
The stars just fibbed to me,
A shadowed moon brought me my love,
Now I can happy be.



HOT NEWS

The opening class of Photography at Barracks No. 3 started with a bang on Tuesday, 26 September. No brass bands were present, but the many patients who turned out made it a gala opening. Some of the charter members are: 1/Sgt. Elmer Hackbart, T/4 Joseph Schoolman, T/5 Dominic Buffa, T/5 Fred S. Matsky, Pfc. Ralph F. Hodgson, Pvt. Edward B. Mason and Pvt. Edward G. Mason, and from the enthusiasm shown, the class promises to be one of the favorites at the hospital.

The newly-constructed Dark Room has been built in record-breaking time, and many thanks go to Utilities for the swell job.

A good deal of the equipment has already arrived and the flow will not stop until it is complete. Tilton will be mighty proud of this project before very long.

Patients who are interested are again requested to register at the Occupational Therapy Workshop.

On Monday, 25 September, the Workshop went on a brand new schedule. The morning hours will be devoted entirely to functional Occupational Therapy. From 0830 to 1200 patients will be admitted by appointment only. From 1300 to 1630 all patients will be welcome for general craftwork.

This new schedule will permit individually supervised activity for the patients as prescribed by the attending medical officer. Progress of the patients will be carefully noted and such data will be available to the officer.

Specific activity will be adapted for each physical handicap of the patient, with the ultimate aim of restoring normal functioning. This promises to be of tremendous help to the medical officer and will speed up the full recovery of the patient.

The functional activity will consist of individual projects started and finished by the patients.



I NEVER MET the GENERAL

BY
ALFRED PALCA

Sgt. Eddie Judge started it by taking a bow in the last issue of TILTON TALK. Well, here is something that really tops the sergeant. Two and a half months ago I ran a letter written by Pvt. Heinz Gluckauf in which Heinz advocated that post war Germany be converted into an agricultural state with no hint of any industry that might be switched over to war manufacture. Official circles in Washington must be keeping pretty close tabs on TILTON TALK because only a few days ago Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morganthau, in his capacity as a member of the President's post war advisory board, released an almost identical plan. It has London, Moscow and Washington buzzing. World newspapers please copy!

&

I would love to hear Lou Holtz tell this story:

A New Yorker was at a party and noticed a particularly attractive girl sitting alone. He hurried over to her, announced that he was a movie talent scout and told her he thought he could do big things for her.

"However," he added, "I would like to make a few suggestions. First, go to Elizabeth Arden and take for yourself a quick beauty course. Ask her she should design for you a good foundation garment. Then go to Hattie Carnegie, and ask her she should whip up for you a couple smart creations. Nothing gaudy, y'unnerstand, but smott!"

"Next take yourself a walk over to I. Miller and pick yourself up a couple pairs of shoes, shouldn't cost you more than forty-five, fifty dollars. From Miller's you whip yourself uptown to Bergdorf Goodman where I want you should make a purchase a ermine wrap I saw in the window is a steal for twenny - six hunnert.

"Last step is a quick trip to John Frederick who'll design for you a smot that for the ensemble. If you want you could also go to Charles of the Ritz so he should frizz up for you the hair."

The girl, who had been listening patiently all this time, looked up. "And then what do I do?" she asked ingenuously.

"Then you call me," the guy answered, proffering a card with a telephone number on it.

The girl glanced at it briefly. "Is this your office," she asked, "or your home phone number?"

"Neither. It's the candy store on the corner. But they always call me!"

&

The War Department announced that it would attempt to make the lot of GIs who may be stuck in Europe after the cessation of hostilities as pleasant as possible. Any garrison troops stationed there will be taken on tours of the continent, allowed to take courses at the various famous universities (Sorbonne, Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, etc.), and live as comfortably as the land will

permit. Some fellows I've spoken to have stated seriously that they would volunteer for the job if the War Department would make one more concession -- they would like to take their wives with them!

&

Three men were sitting in the Stork Club arguing about who gets more money for doing less work. All three were in the radio business.

"I get five thousand a week," said the first, "for saying simply: 'This is the National Broadcasting Company.'"

"Huh," the second scoffed, "I get twice as much as you for exactly half the work. All I have to say is: 'This is Mutual.'"

The third fellow smiled indulgently. Both of you," he said, "are overworked. I get \$15,000 a week and the only thing I do is goose the girl who says, 'Rinso WHITE! Rinso WHITE!'"

&

Our beautiful Mess Sergeant, T/4 Paula Killian, has called it to the attention of TILTON TALK that a certain PFC Alfred Palca has a nasty habit of coming in for breakfast after 0730 many mornings each week. This is to warn the culprit that it will have to stop. Immijjutly! (Okay, Paula?)

&

Through civilian channels I managed to get a pair of passes to a hit show and the seats were in Row C. On the strength of that I invited a girl I had been trying to impress for months. Everything was fine except that a slight mistake had been made. Her seat was in Row C in the orchestra, mine was in Row C in the balcony. And my Mother wanted to know, "Did you hold hands?"

&

A gang of GIs were playing baseball in a cow pasture in Normandy and enjoying themselves tremendously. That is, they were until one of the fellows slid into what he thought was third base. O Gawd, wotta mess!

&

Did you remember to get your War Ballot?

&

Today we change from the summer khaki to winter o.d.s. Many of us anticipated the switch by a weekend or a few days and paraded around town in what we thought was our better-looking uniform. And yet, I remember last spring that we all jumped the gun by a few days then and strutted around in the clean, cool khaki outfit. I suppose when they announce that men are to be discharged there will be a fellow here and there with an idea of getting out a little earlier. Sort of strange, ain't it, Mabel?

A STRETCHER SEEMS LIKE HOME TO THIS GUY - (Fresno, Cal.) - Pvt. Charles Cope had just completed 200 hours as a demonstrator for medical lectures in first aid at the Air Service Command Training Center here when he was hit by a bus in downtown Fresno.

When the ambulance arrived, Cope jested merrily about his 200 hours stretcher time. But, upon being securely placed on the litter, Cope promptly fell off, banging his head upon the pavement. Now he's hospitalized.

CAPTURED NAZI OFFERS TO JOIN U.S. ARMY - (France) - A 50-year-old German private surrendered to a group of GIs here and then offered to enlist in the American Army.

"I told these bums that when America came into the war they'd get hell kicked out of them," he shouted, waving a mean finger at his fellow prisoners.

His offer of enlistment was declined.

NO MORE B.D. CHAMPAGNE - NAZIS DRANK IT ALL - (France) - The Nazis, during their occupation of France, drank all the bad champagne in the country - but very little of the good stuff.

According to French sources, the Wehrmacht consumed 60,000 bottles of champagne a day. "But they didn't specify that it had to be good champagne," said one Frenchman, "and as a result there is no bad champagne left in all France."

100 MILLIONTH CHECK SENT OUT BY ODB - (Newark, N.J.) - The 100 millionth check has been mailed from the War Department's Office of Dependency Benefits, the WD has announced. The check was a family allowance payment of \$120 and went to a soldier's wife and three children in San Francisco.

72,000 SMITHS IN ARMY - (Washington) - There are 72,000 soldiers named Smith in the U.S. Army, according to a recent survey. There are also 48,000 GIs named Johnson and 39,000 named Brown.

TURKEY PROMISED FOR THANKSGIVING - (Washington) - Every GI in the Army is going to have turkey on Thanksgiving if the Quartermaster Corps has anything to say about it.

As early as last June, plans were drawn up for the procurement and distribution of supplies for the holiday feast, according to the War Department, and more than a million pounds of turkey have been obtained.

(Ed. comment - Compare this with the last item in this column.)

946 NAZIS GIVE UP TO ONE AMERICAN - (France) - When German soldiers captured Lt. Clarence Coggins, of Okla., in Southern France, he thought he was shelved for while. He soon learned, however, that all the Germans wanted to do was surrender, which they did - all 946.

JAPS SERVE LIZARDS ON JUNGLE MENU - Coconuts, roots, land crabs and small live lizards make up the diet of Japs in New Guinea these days.

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MYSTERIES AND WESTERNS

Meddling Maverick - West
The Fighting Four - Brand
Prairie Guns - Halleran
Till Death Do Us Part - Carr
The Corpse Without a Clue - Walling
All Over But The Shooting - Powell
Death and the Devil - Whelton

NON-FICTION

Labor Lawyer - Waldman
Day of Deliverance - Benet
I Hate Actors - Hecht
Employment Policy
Labor Baron - Wechsler
Invasion Diary - Tregaskis
The Rising Crescent - Jackle
Out on a Limbo - MacMurray
U.S. War Aims - Lippmann
What Manner of Man - Busch
Leonardo da Vinci - Douglas
Approaches to World Peace - Bryson
An Invitation to Portuguese - Madrigal
That Man in the White House - Kingdon
The Wild Blue Yonder - Gauvreau
Best American Short Stories - Foley
The Book of New Poems - Williams
Postwar Monetary Plans - Williams
Pacific Victory, 1945 - Driscoll
Rifles and Machine Guns - Johnson
A Guide to Naval Strategy - Brodie
The St. Louis Cardinals - Lieb
MacArthur and the War Against Japan - Hunt
How to Speak and Write for Radio - Keith
Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural - Wise
Letters of Alexander Woolcott - Kaufman
Dewey, An American of This Century - Walker

FICTION

Peter Domanig - White
Green Dolphin Street - Goudge
By Valour and Arms - Street
Freedom Road - East
Target Island - Brophy
Valley of the Sky - Skidmore
Cluny Brown - Sharp
Rough Shooting - Wren
Pastoral - Shute
Escape from Konigstein - Anonymous
The History of Rome Hanks - Pennell

PRACTICALLY ANYTHING

The phrase "Come Hell or high water" partially came true not so long ago when the hurricane blew our way and tore down trees and wires and generally wreaked havoc in the tent area. But did that postpone the Detachment Dance? It did not. Everybody who is anybody was there and the traditional good time was had by all, or so they told me.

Since this is a Medical detachment maybe somebody here can explain or diagnose an allergy I have. It's quite an unusual one, but given the proper circumstances, it always repeats itself. What is it and what are the symptoms? Well, Doc, you see, it's like this. Every time I get on a crowded bus that brings me from Bordentown to Fort Dix in the morning my nose itches. It is especially bad when I don't have a seat and have to hang precariously by a strap. My other hand is usually loaded with a purse, a coat, some books and sundry odds and ends, so that makes rubbing or scratching somewhat of a problem. It is an honest-to-god allergy and appears only in the morning. The bus can be jammed tight in the evening but it doesn't bother me then. Do you suppose it's just a sublimation and points to the fact that I would much rather be at home, asleep, instead of coming to work? Or something?

There was talk in the office of TT one day, about Army Regulations concerning bathing - it seems you gotta bathe every day if you're in this country - and the conversation got from there to haircuts because the night before in the USO in Wrightstown I had seen a GI barbered in the latest fashion. His head was completely shaved except for a strip about an inch wide that went from the nape of his neck up over the crown and down to the forehead. He looked like an ancient Roman warrior wearing a plumed helmet, but it's not against regulations, so long as it's neat. Of course the CO might have different ideas on the matter.

And it was in the interest of neatness - and maybe a little bit of vanity and aesthetics, too - that one of our Wacs went to the beauty shop to get a permanent. While she sat there with her hair all done up in wires and whatever else it is they use for such purposes, she noticed that the woman in the chair next to her was rapidly becoming a blonde via the peroxide method. The Wac must have been sitting there with disapproval written large all over her face, because the operator said to her, "Well, after all, your curls are false, too." Let that be a lesson in humility and charity.

This is the kind of story that probably only a chaplain's wife would smile at, so all of you who are not married to chaplains just go on to the next page. - A minister in New York phoned a friend of his, also a minister, in California. "Is this a station-to-station call?" queried the operator. "No," replied the Reverend, "it's parson-to-parson." Well, I warned you, didn't I?

Sunday afternoon, the 17th of September, the QM Office had a visitor who used to be quite popular around here. It was former Sgt. Keith Haines, now 2d Lt. Keith Haines, fresh from OCS at Camp Lee. Since it was Sunday there weren't very many people he could see, but he did commission me to send his regards to everybody he knew.

That touch of gold at the throat was very becoming to the Lt. whose only gripe about his new rank was that graduation time came very close to the change-over date to OD's and he - and his brother graduates - had very little time, this year, to get their money's worth of wear out of the clothes they had to buy. When he left here in the evening he was headed for Ft. Devens, Massachusetts, where Lt. Caetta, also formerly of TGH and a fellow OCSer is stationed, too.

I NEVER KNEW and I bet you didn't either, that any patient admitted to an Army Hospital cannot be discharged in less than three days. How did I find out? Like this. Pvt. Mary Brophy became ill with gastritis on her week-end at home and was taken to the closest Army Hospital - Newark Army Air Field Station Hospital. This was on Sunday. Monday she was in a bad way, but on Tuesday she was fine and clamored to be allowed to come back to Tilton. That was a mistake. The three-day minimum held, and since she claimed she was well enough to come back here they figured she was also well enough to do KP, so she did. But there was one great compensation - she was taken to see "Oklahoma" on Wednesday. Somebody had provided tickets for the show to be distributed among the ambulatory patients, so Mary really has no complaints.

TRIVIA - We've had several additions. There's a hospital training unit fresh from Camp Ellis, in Illinois, in the training area of the Annex. They came in a little later than expected, but after much train delay they arrived safely.The QM office was the cause of much fire alarming and blowing of sirens on the 20th of this month at noon. Three firemen came striding through, ready to save the burning embers, but it was just a hoax. The wiring on the wall switch was being fixed and something probably got crossed. A false alarm, all right, but plenty of noise while it lasted...We were duly inspected on the 19th by quantities of brass from the Second Service Command and were passed with honors...The same day the switch in the QM office caused so much disturbance, the steam was turned on. They were testing it someplace else, so by the miracles of modern science, it had to be on there, too. We gasped for air, opened all the windows and looked in vain for relief. At this moment while our fingers are freezing we look back almost with envy to that warm Wednesday afternoon.

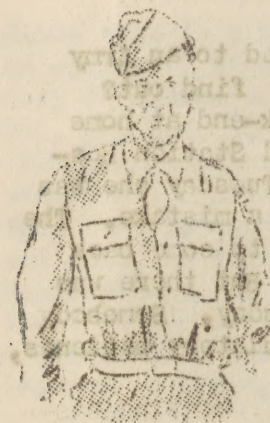
IF THIS WERE ONLY A TRUE STORY.

A psychiatrist was examining a selectee.
"What's your occupation?" he asked.
"I'm a gag writer for radio," was the reply.
"All right, let's see you invent a gag," said the doctor.
Slowly the selectee rose, went to the door, looked down at the long line of other selectees and announced, "Okay. You guys can go home now, the job's taken."

HERE & THERE AROUND TILTON

HURRAY FOR OUR SIDE - The Dental Clinic at the Annex is boasting - and with good reason. For the fifth time in five weeks the clinic received a "Superior rating" from the Hospital

Inspectors which, they claim, is a record unequalled by any department in the hospital's history. Sgt. Louis Saxe and his gang of technicians challenge the dental Clinic at Tilton to match their mark. Sgt. Saxe's staff includes Cpl. Jack Grant, Pfc. Jack Tiger, Pfc. Leon



Nelson, Pfc. Bernice Smagacz, Pvt. Sam Morganheim and a gang of swell civilians. Officers at the Annex Dental Clinic are Capt. Jack Cassidy and Capt. Joe Brown.

CAPT MILLER HAS TROUBLE WITH HIS POT-BELLY STOVE - Capt. Ruben Miller believes in literal housewarmings, it seems. On Saturday, 23 September, he moved his office, with papers and all, to the training area behind the hospital. Everything went smoothly until Sunday morning when the New Jersey weather went berserk and would neither warm up nor dry up, so somebody made a fire in the potbelly stove which stood in the Captain's office. But that somebody went to lunch without turning the damper or the flue, or whatever it is you turn on such a stove, and at about twelve o'clock the papers caught fire. The extent and seriousness of the damage are a military secret which the Captain won't reveal, but maybe in the future he should have a fireman assigned to his office. Winter's coming, you know.

CHANGES IN OFFICIAL ASSIGNMENTS AND DUTIES

- On Tuesday, 19 September, several of Tilton's officers were greeted with the news that their duties had been changed. Lt. Col. Harold V. Fitzgerald, who had been Quartermaster, was made Director of Supply. Capt. Paul B. Menon, who used to be Asst. Quartermaster (in addition to his other duties), was made Quartermaster, and Capt. Daniel M. Towns, who is in charge of Medical Supply, was also made accountable officer of all property at this hospital. We are expecting changes in civilian or military personnel, or both, to accompany these officers' new jobs, but as yet no action has been taken.

THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN..... What seemed to smell like skunks in the neighborhood of Warehouse No. 2 actually was skunks. We know of one that was shot near the Warehouse, but rumors have accounted for three. Of course, even one has a powerful smell.

LABORATORY TECHNICIAN GETS HITCHED

- The latest detachment wedding took place on Saturday, 23 September, when Pfc. Fred Kramer took unto himself a wife - Miss Elsie Wosh, of Fords, N.J. Pfc. Kramer, a laboratory technician in the hospital, is very reticent about the lady of his heart, and on questioning simply replied that she is a lovely girl. The happy couple were married in New Brunswick and spent their honeymoon in New York.





HUMOR

When a treasury clerk found a tax return wherein a bachelor listed one dependent son, he turned it over to the examiner, who returned it to the bachelor with the penciled notation:

"This must be a stenographic error."

The bachelor returned the form, unchanged, with a similar note:

"You're telling me."

Bomb-Bay Messenger

"That candy you're eating looks good."

"It is good."

"It makes my mouth water."

"To show you what a good guy I am, here's a blotter."

Greenwood Gremlin

Two Hollywood kids were talking as they walked home from school. "I've got two little brothers and one little sister," boasted one. "How many do you have?"

"I don't have any brothers and sisters," answered the second kid, "but I have three papas by my first mama and four mamas by my last papa."

Hammond Rx

A rookie, stopped short by a lieutenant for failing to salute, was asked his name. "Mortimer Monroe Lundberg," the boy blurted.

"Say 'sir' when you speak to an officer, soldier."

The recruit corrected himself snappily, "Sir Mortimer Monroe Lundberg."

Baxter Bugle

A member of a psych class on tour asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."

Two hospital patients, after several days of idleness, became bored. Utilising a stack of diagnosis cards, they managed for a deck of cards and started playing draw poker.

At the end of the first hand one of them said: "Full house - three appendectomies and two tonsil cases! I guess I win."

"Not so fast," replied his companion. "I've got four enemas."

"Okay. You take the pot."

The Rattler

A sauntering rookie from Tennessee encountered a brisk second lieutenant.

"Mawnnin'," drawled the recruit pleasantly.

The outraged officer launched a stinging lecture on military courtesy on saluting.

"Fevven's sake," drawled the rookie, "if I'da knowed you was gonna carry on like that I wouldn't of spoke to y'all a-tall."

Greenwood Gremlin

Working in a preparation plant, a man let his coat get caught in a revolving wheel.

He was whisked up and whirled around and around till the foreman managed to switch off the machine. The workman fell to the ground and up rushed the foreman, "Speak to me, please," he said.

"Why should I?" said the workman. "I just passed you six times and you didn't even say hello."

Bomb-Bay Messenger

"After a man finds out that a woman is no angel, he tries to ascertain to what extent she isn't."

FURLOUGH

"FOR THE RELIEF,
MUCH THANKS"

Hamlet

ACT II,
SCENE II

